



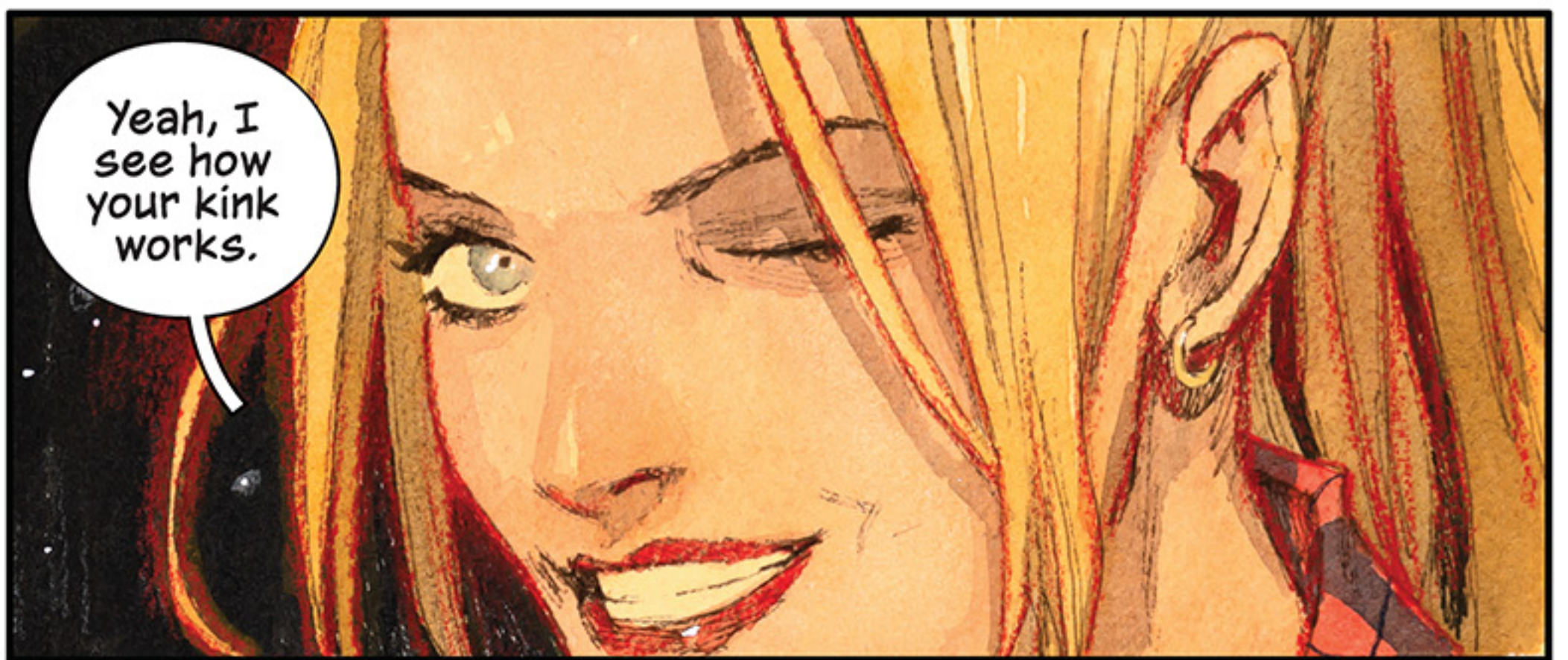
God, I needed this.

Finding an end-times three-way is *juuuust* the right level of difficulty, like a good thousand-piece puzzle.



That is, if you don't mind another deviant horning in on your action?

More the merrier.



Yeah, I see how your kink works.



Okay, partner.

Where do we begin?



With the proverbial clock ticking, probably best to avoid unfamiliar terrain.

So stick to my usual hunting grounds?

Wasn't going to make it sound as predatory as all that, but...



Manhattan it is.

Though I might lose you in this gathering storm of annoying lookie-loos.

They must all think New York'll be hit next.



Then they can suck my dick.

Meet me at the corner of Mercer and Houston!

Why there?

